Hoglandia:

Imitated in *ENGLISH.*

5d The (LATIN)

Deſcription of *Hogland*:

WITH ITS

DEDICATION:

Imitated in *ENGLISH*.

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17. March. 10

To the MOST

Diffuſively Prevailing & Nobly Conſpicuous

Hero (ſtratus) Sachevalier.

PEN-MEN-MAUR

Sends GREETING.

WHEN I had with very great Pains, *and at the* Expence *of a* vaſt Deal *of* Time, Finiſh'd *this* Grunting HOGLANDIA *of Mine; I* Reſolv'd, Great Sir! *It ſhou'd* **Venture to Appear in Publick**, *under the* Safe Protection *of Your* Glorious Name. **Now**, *when* Buffoonry *and* Droll *are* **ſo ſhamefully run Down in this Damn'd** * **Age**, *which is* **ſunk into the loweſt Dregs of Corruption: It can be no little Comfort to Ingenious Pre—s**, or others **that have the Courage to Expreſs themſelves Wittily**, *that there is* ſtill *to be* found **Such a Worthy Patron, and Acute and Wiſe Judge.**

* Fanatical.

The

The Peculiar Honour you were Pleas'd to Confer on Taffy **was very Signal.** *Poor* BEVIS Dare *not* Aſpire *to* wiſh *the* Like: *But comes* Humbly Creeping *for a* Buſs, *were it but of the* Little Toe *of your* Holineſs's Left *Foot.*

My Lord, I am Humbly of Opinion, He *ſo far* Reſembles *the* Renow'd Taffy, *in the* **many Excellent Examples of Unſhaken Steadineſs, Diſintereſted Probity, and True Zeal;** *That ſome* Officious Perſons *will be* Apt *to* Pronounce *'em* Brats *of the* ſame Sire.

Any one *after a* Short Contemplation *of the* Structure *of the* Verſe, *The* Encomiums *on* Each Hero, *And the* Admirable Contexture *of the* Whole, *muſt* Neceſſarily Conclude, ———Both *were* Woven *in the* Same Loom; *Viz.* Your moſt Impenetrable Skull; *That* Each *Like* **Two Parallel Lines** (*which in* Your Profound Opinion (*In* Spight *of* Euclid) *and* **who can Reſiſt ſuch Glaring Evidence?!!) Meet in the ſame Center.**

They *only* Differ, *in that* You *out of Your* Noted Averſion *to the leaſt* Appearance *of* Confidence, *Inſtead of* Dedicating *it to Your* Self, Aſſign'd *the* Patronage *of the* Mouſe-Trap-Poet *to a* Hopeful Pig *of the* Sounder.

But We *cou'd* Prefix *no* Leſs Name *than* Yours *to* our Epiſtle: We Scorn *even their* T——tſon's *and* Stil——fleet's; We Soar *above* their Puny Merits; *And with* **open and undaunted Reſolution,** Trumpet *forth* Your Immortal Praiſes: Which, *were it* Poſſible *we might* Perform *to your* Full Content, *and* Ample Satisfaction, yet *muſt*

we

we Confeſs *our Selves, only* Succeſsful **by Chance,** (*As* **Parallel Lines meeting** *in* **a Center**) *Having* Aim'd *at* Things beyond *our* Humble Sphere.

Our Loftieſt Panegyrick *will* fall Infinitely Short *of* Your Sublimer Merit. *We* therefore *with all* Humility Intreat You, *the* Brighteſt **Sheul in Timber,** (*as* You *may* See Neceſſary) *to* Supply *our* Defects *herein: That ſo* late Poſterity *may Find* Teſtimonials *of Your* Incredible Excellencies, *under* Your Own Adored Hand.

'Tis to You, *and* ſolely *to* Your Diſtinguiſhing Nicety *of* Judgment, *we* Submit *our* Hoglandian Poem. *It is therefore* Your Province *to* See *no* Irregular Beam *be* Admitted *with* **Impunity** *in this* Poetical Edifice: *That no* Lame **Schiſmatical** Verſe Eſcape *without* Your **Thundring out an Anathema againſt it:** *And in* ſhort, *That* Nothing, Neceſſary *to* Recommend *a* Compoſure *of ſo* **Prodigious Importance** *to the* Learned World, *be* Omitted.

You *muſt* Deſign *an* Ornamental Frontiſpiece, *and give* Your Inſtructions *to* Your (*Italian*) Graver. *For* my own Share, I'd *be* Highly Satisfy'd, *were the* Title Page Digniſy'd *with the* Boar's Picture, *or* rather your own, or Both; *ſo that there be a* Ring *for* Each *of* Your *Snouts.*

Adieu! *moſt* Renown'd **Center** *of* Penny-Politicians. Continue Propitious *to* my Performances, *as* You *are* Us'd *to be to* Your own. *Whatever* Others Attempt *in* Print *with the* Publick Approbation, *Call* Your Self *the* Author. *Or* if

You

You can't do ſo, *and be* Believ'd, **Damn it for Nonſenſical Cant.** *And ſo, (moſt* Illuſtrious Sanglier!) *Long may*

The **Non-Reſiſting** Ladies *love their* Cully;
The High-Flown Debauchees *Careſs their* Bully!
Long *may the* Self-Enamour'd Incubus
Love Dearly *his* own Self, *and* Wooden Shoes!

So Prays,

May it Pleaſe Your Celſitude,

Your Immenſity's

Moſt Profound Adorer

PEN-MEN-MAUR.

POSTSCRIPT.

MY *Couſin* Kader-Idris *Remembers his Love to you; and Deſir'd I might Tranſmit to your* Honour *the Following* Pennil, *as He calls it:*

Doed Etto'r Gwr ar Wyneb Gwer,
O LOEGER tan Hel Bwyd,
'Nôl hyn, ni Chaiff ê yn lle *Gwyn*
Ond Enwyn Gyda i UDE.

HOGLANDIA.

ARGUMENT.

1. *The Text.* 2. *An Ejaculation, or* Extempore *Pray'r to* Apollo, *which (it's hop'd) won't be Offenſive, being Short.* 3. *A Word to the Author of* Muſcipula. 4. Hantonia *Deſcrib'd.* 5. *King* William I. *of Bleſſed Memory turns Huntſman: Lays waſte Churches, Towns, Villages, Hogſties,* &c. Anno 1082. *to make* New Foreſt *in* Hantonia. *He employ'd the* Hantonians *in the Work.* 6. Jove *puniſhes the Sacrilege on his Sacred* Majeſty's *Part, with the Death of his Son in the ſaid Foreſt. On the* Hantonians *by Transforming 'em to* Hogs, *and their Country to* Hogland. 7. Jove *not yet appeas'd, ſends a dreadful Boar among 'em.* 8. *Father* Porcius *calls a Convocation.* 9. *Cryer's Horn deſcrib'd.* 10. *The Conſult.* 11. Porcius's *Oration.* 12. Bogo, *a Man of great Penetration in the Myſtery of Swinery. His Oration.* 13. *The* Χειραγκιστρον *or Buckle-Ring deſcrib'd.* 14. Bevis's *comical Method of circumventing the Boar. His Armour; and Succeſs.* 15. *The Publick Rejoicings; and ſo to the End of the Chapter.*

THE MAN's Auſpicious Conduct, that
(*Subdu'd*
A *Savage* BOAR, without th' *Expence*
(of *Blood*:
HOGS of Prodigious *Size*, and *Corpulent*;
And *Gammons* of Bulk, Figure, and Extent;

And the *Firſt Riſe* of PUDDINGS, BLACK
(and *Long*,
Shall be the *Theme* of my *Advent'rous Song*.

O! *Help*, *APOLLO*! *Thou canſt* do it *well*,
For *Thou* (an *Exil'd God*) *haſt been* thy *Sel'*
An *Old* HOG-DRIVER, as *Hiſtorians* tell!

H--DSWORTH! *Attend*! *Whether Thou* be
(*Employ'd*
In *gnawing Pork* at ſome *Old Hag's Abode*,
Or Writing what *Thou'rt Bid* by *Haughty Sach*----
Thou Vile **Amanuenſes** of the *Wretch*!
I ſay, *Prick up* thy *Puritannick Ears*,
And *Liſt'* to *what* I *write* of *thy great Anceſtors*.

Directly Oppoſite to *ANGLIA's North*,
HANTONIA lies, a *Land* of *Quondam Worth*.
There, *ARTHUR* Reign'd, as *Ancient Bardi ſing*,
(Tho * Upſtart Nov'liſts ſay, *'Twas no ſuch Thing*.)
'Twas *then*, in his *Bleſt Days*, *HANTONIANS* were
All *Hardy Men*, and *Each* a *God* of *War*.

* *Collier*, among the reſt: *Vide* his Dictionary.

Unlike

Unlike Their *Curſed Spawn*, Baſe *little Souls*,
With **Qualm-ſick Stomachs**, Moody, **Way-**
(**ward Fools.**
HANTONIA, Ah! How *Sad* a *Change* is *Thine*?
Once full of *Warlike Men*, But *now* of *Swine!*
Where is thy *Ancient SAXON Glory* Flown?
Where are thy **Men of Courage** and *Renown*?
No *Tracks* of *Honour* do in *Thee appear*,
HOG-DRIVERS all, and HOGSTIES
(Every where!

How *Happily* did *NEPTUNE interpoſe*
Twixt *Thee*, *Bleſt WIGHT*, and *Dire HAN-*
(*TONIAN Woes!*
But Tell us MUSE! -- (*thou* doſt *Minutely*
(Know
What's done *Above* the *Clouds*, and eke *Below*)
Which of the *Sons* of the *Celeſtial Punk*,
Damn'd *Poor HANTONIA* to Eternal Funk?

When the *Victorious NORMAN* had o'rethrown
HAROLD, and *mounted* to the **Vacant** Throne;
He with *Indiſputable* **Title** *wore*
The *Engliſh Crown*, and *Engliſh Sceptre* bore.

When *all* was *Hush*, and *Fights* with *Men* were (*ceas'd*,
War was *Proclaim'd* to *ev'ry Kind* of *Beast*:
Bears, *Foxes*, *Wolves*, and *Hares*, and *Deer* did *feel*
The Weight of **Indefatigable Zeal.**
But, the Unhappy Prince *Grew* **Excentrick**,
And **Burst** his **Orb** *Ominous* **Comet**-*like.*
The *Eager Sportsman* **carries Things** too High,
Affronts the GODS, and *storms* the very *Sky*:
Him did the **Villanous** *HANTONIANS* join
In this **Superlative Degree of Sin.** *
They **fret**, They **Curse** the GODS, **and** (**upward stare**,
And *Whole OLYMPUS* to a *Battel Dare.*
In short, the **Miscreants** *mad* with *Fury* grown,
Blasphemously *Threw Sacred Temples* down.
The *very* GODS they **tragically** *o'return*,
And *even* the **Consecrated** *Altars* Burn.
Sins Ripen'd up to full Maturity,
Always **call** down for **Vengeance** from the *Sky.*
JOVE saw. —At *length* the *Peremptory God*
Dispers'd His *Thunder* from Behind a *Cloud.*

---

* *Alas!* (more *Rhetorically* speaking) *Hyperbole of Iniquity.*

The

The KING He *ſpar'd*, as 'countable to None,
But *Puniſh'd* the Vicegerent in his *Son*.
As for th' *HANTONIAN Diminutive R—*,
He *metamorphos'd* them to *ſtinking* HOGS:
And *Hence* it is, that *Hog-driving* was made
Their *Grand Employ*, and *Univerſal Trade*.
Hence, they muſt HOGSTIES clean, whoſe
(Flagrant *Smell*
To *Death* wou'd *ſtink* the *very De'l* o' *Hell*.

All this they *Bore*: - - - *yet all* too *little* was
The *Anger* of the *NUMEN* to Appeaſe.
For (what is lamentable to be ſpoken!)
He ſent 'em, of his Wrath a *further Token*,
A *Raging* BOAR of *Frightful Magnitude*,
His Eye-Balls Glare with Fire ſuffus'd with Blood,
His Neck ſhoots up a Thick-ſet Thorny Wood.
His Briſtled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands Erected like a Field of Spears.
For Tusks with Indian *Elephants He ſtrove*,
And Jove's *own Thunder from his Mouth He drove*,
Froth fills His Chaps, He ſends a Grunting Sound,
And Part He Churns, and Part Beſoams the Ground.

Long with **Impunity** th' **Outragious** BOAR
At *Pleaſure Ravag'd* all *HANTONIA* o'er.
Where 'ere the *Tender Corn* began to *Sprout*,
He'd Root it up with his *Deſtructive Snout*. *
All *New-plow'd Lands*, and *Summer-Fallows* ſpoil,
Fruſtrate the *Farmer's Hopes* and *Mock* his *Toil*.
The *Uſeleſs Hedges* cou'd no *more ſecure*
The Bearded Product of the Golden Year.

In vain the *Husbandman Eſſays* with *Hounds*
To *Fright* the *Briſtl'd Foe*, and ſave his *Grounds*:
He *Breaks* through *Hedges* with *Impetuous Ruſh*.
With *Whirlwind Breath* He *ſweeps* down ev'ry *Buſh*;
The *Mighty CALEDONIAN* BOAR was *ſuch*
And *Plagu'd* the *Poor ÆTOLIANS* juſt as much.
The *Injur'd Peaſants* with *Juſt Anger Glow*,
And *ſwear Revenge* on the *Deſtructive Foe*.
At length, A *Ruſty Gaffer* of the *Tribe*,
Who *ſuffer'd* more than *all* the *reſt* beſide,
Had *all* His *Hedges miſerably Torn*,
And *loſt* his *Acorns all*, and *all* his *Corn*
Was *ſorely Chaf'd*: and in his *ſingle Breaſt*
Was *Pent* more *Fury*, than in *all* the *Reſt*.

* Wholſome Severities.

Deſp'rate

Deſp'rate He *Grew*, and *Tore* his *Rev'rend Beard*,
Though Jove (*quo' He*) *and the* whole Cœleſtial
Be thy Abettors, (*Thou* Inſatiate Wretch (Herd
Who'ſt harm'd *my* Neighbours *and my* ſelf ſo much)
In Spite *of* Jove, *or* any Partial God,
I'll waſh theſe Hands *of* mine *in thy* Heart's Blood.
And *without more ado* the *Angry Chub*
Reſolves to *ſummon* His *whole Neighbourhood*
To *meet* at *HAMO*'s HAVEN for the *Publick* (*Good.*

Then did the *Sowgelder* PERILLO climb
Up to a *Lofty* HOGSTY's *Top Sublime.*
His *Crooked Horn* from off his *Back* he *ſnatch'd*,
Which from *Hunch-ſhoulder* down to *Buttock* reach'd.
From *Narrow* * *Gorge* the *Artificial Piece*
In *Gyre Extends* and *Widens* by *Degrees.*
A *Plate* of *Lead* its *Middle* did *Embrace*,
And *Each Extremity* was *Tipt* with BRASS.
To his *Wide Mouth*, this *He* no ſooner *Held*
But *ſtrait* the *Leather* of his *Venter Swell'd.*
And *then*, his *Bloated Cheeks* like *Hills* aroſe
On *Either* Side of his *Prodigious Noſe.*

* A Military Term: An Entrance into a Work.

At

At length, th' *Impriſon'd Wind* out-ruſhes *both*
At his *Anterior* and his *Poſtern Mouth*.
Three *Sounds* gave the *ſhrill Horn*, *replete* with *Wind*,
And *juſt* as many *Blaſts* came from *Behind*,
But *all in vain*: for had he *Blown* till *now*
No *Soul* in *Hantſhire* wou'd the Meaning know.
He'd ſooner *Crack'd* his *Horn* and *Burſt* his *Gut*,
Than make the *Dull Hantonians ſtir* a *foot*.

When *Blowing Either* way wou'd not *Avail*,
The *Subtle Carl* bids *reach* him up a *Pail*:
This *loud* he *Beat*, and *very* well he *knew*
'Twou'd ſoon *Aſſemble* the *Hantonian Crew*:
And *truly* ſo it did; —*Both Men* and *Swine*
Thought they were call'd, as *uſual*, to *Dine*.
Had *you* but *ſeen*, How the *Promiſcuous Herd*,
Half-Men, *Half-Swine*, (A monſtrous Sight!)
(*Appear'd*:
You'd *ſwore* they were a *Metamorphos'd Clan*,
Such as of *Yore* the (*GRECIAN*) *Primate's Gang*.
When *all* were *met*, an *Univerſal Club*
Of the *Spruce Gentry* and the *Greaſy Mob*:

Old

Old Father *PORCIUS* (whom we *ſpoke* before,
Inſtead of *Hair*, He *ſturdy Briſtles* wore.
Againſt the *Cold*, *Indulgent Nature* had
Arm'd his *Impenetrable Hands* with *Scab*)
Stood up, and *ſtroaking Briſtle-Beard*, he *Bow'd*,
And *thus addreſs'd himſelf* unto the *Crowd*:

My Friends!
If Curſes *cou'd* Deliverance produce,
Or Any *Methods* Impotence *can* uſe,
We *had not* Met *in* Convocation *thus*.
We 're Equally Concern'd, *our* Caſe *is* Sad,
And Publick Dangers *call for* Publick Aid.
You ſee, Alas! *how this* Deſtructive BOAR
Does our Subſiſtence *totally* Devour.
In vain *it is*, *we* hope *for* Any Crop,
Our Fields *are* Spoil'd, *our* Corn *is* Rooted *up*;
Our Turnips, Beans, *and* Onions *all* Deſtroy'd:
In ſhort, *we've* Nothing *left*, *for* Oven *or* Pot.
And do you Feel all this? —*And ſhall* ſuch *Harms*
Paſs unreveng'd? —*No*, *No!* *To* Arms! *To* Arms!
Our Country's *utter* Ruin *let's* Avert;
And **Woe to them that have a fearful Heart.**

Thus *He* in ſuch *Prevailing Terms* as *Theſe*,
Kindled their *Tardy Courage* by *Degrees*.
Their *Innate Cowardice* was *Fled* and *Gone*,
And *Valour ſeiz'd* its *Abdicated Throne*:
A *Fit* of **Courage** *Forcibly Poſſeſt* (*Breaſt*.
(What's *ſtrange* to *Think* on) *Each HOGLANDER's*
And *Now* They all *Reſolve* upon *Purſuing*
The *Foe Inteſtine* to his *Utter Ruin*.
Some Fly to *Arms*, and *Open War Proclaim*:
And *Others* have *Recourſe* to *Stratagem*.
Others, on *Death* more *Dire* and *Certain* Bent,
Wou'd have * *ITENE*, *Great ITENE Brent*. †

While thus they were, *All* of a *Diff rent Mind*,
Some to *this Method*, *Some* to *that* inclin'd;
Up *ſtands* among the *ſtupid Herd* a *Wight*,
Wiſer than *all* his *Brethren*: *BOGO* Hight.
Him, the *Effeminate Engliſh BEVIS Name*,
Inſtead of *BOGO*. (But that's much the *ſame*)
BEVIS, His Country's *Boaſt*, *HANTONIA's Fame*.

When *Squinancy* or *Mange*, Chanc'd HOGS to
BEVIS could *Apply* Fit *Remedies*: (Sieze,

* The Name of the Foreſt where the Boar lay. † *i. e.* Burnt.

If

If *Poys'nous Henbane* Chanc'd *ſlip* down their *Throat*,
HE cou'd *Adminiſter* an *Antidote*.
What *Seaſon* SOWS with *Safety* might be *Splay'd*,
Under *what Planet's* Influence, *This* or *that* ;
Which is Beſt *Feeding*, *Acorns* or *Peaſe-Meal*,
All *this* and *more*, cou'd *Skilful BEVIS Tell*.
Nothing (in ſhort) that does to SWINE *Pertain*,
Eſcap'd Great *BEVIS Univerſal Ken*.

This *Man* of *Knowledge Vaſt*, (firſt having wip'd
With *Greaſy Sleeve* what from *Chaps Filthy dript*)
Thus to the *Britiſh Audience* made his *Speech* :
Brethren ! (*If* I *may be* Allow'd *to* Teach)
'Tis my Opinion, *we ſhould not by* Arms
Attempt *the* Death *of* BOAR, *leſt* Greater Harms
Should Follow : —*Leſt the* Gods *we* Irritate
To ſend *more* Plaguy Tokens *of their* Hate.
Moreover *'twou'd be* Danger Manifeſt,
To Fight *a* Foe *ſo* Deſp'rate, Hand *to* Fiſt.
You *know the* Canon.—— Never uſe your Might
But Only Againſt Such *as will not Fight*.
More Gently *we'll* Proceed ; —HANTONIA *ſhall*
Be Happy yet, *and that in* Spite *of* Hell.

HOGLANDIA yet *ſhall* Thrive, *and Flouriſh* yet,
Shall Long *Enjoy* Security Compleat
By my **Auſpicious Conduct**, *Though* I *ſay't.*
The BOAR *ſhall* Live, *and* yet *do* us *no* Hurt;
But Thanks *to* my Contriving Noddle *for't!*
Me JOVE *hath* Bleſs'd *with* Subtilty *and* Wit,
With Quick Invention *in a* Time *of* Need!
——*When* Buſy MOLES *thoſe* **Damn'd** Con-
(founded Vermin,
My New-Sown, New-Rak'd Garden-Beds *Under-*
My Sallad *Eat*, my Onions *all* Beneck, (*mine*,
And Rob *me of my moſt* Delicious Leek:
In their Wide Roads *I place my* Trap, *and* Catch
In Priſon cloſe *the* Bold Offending Wretch.
Then Next *my* Bearded Engine *in his* Snout
I Fix: —*So* Ope *my* Trap, *and let him* Out.
Nor can *he more work* Freſh Holes *in the* Ground,
But lives confin'd to his Accuſtom'd Round.
Thus *may we* Serve *the* BOAR, *and He ſhall be*,
As well as MOLE, Oblig'd *for's* Life *to* ME.

He ſpoke! —The *Gaping Auditors* Applaud
The *Splay-Mouth'd Orator* with *Voices Loud.*

They

They *Bleſs* the *Man*! And *Wonder* at his *Art*,
And *long* to ſee him *Play* the *Practick Part*.

BEVIS mean while with *more* than *Uſual Haſt*
Applies Himſelf unto the *Promis'd Task*.
Now Sweating Heats the Steel, while Bellows Lungs
Provokes the Fire, Anon with Crooked Tongs
He Turns the Glowing Maſs: On Anvil now
He Beats, And lends his Soul at ev'ry Blow.
So Did the Cyclops *at th' Almighty Nod,*
New Thunder Haſten for the Angry God,
When *Daring Giants* Threaten'd his *Abode*.
Thus did they o're their Beaten Anvils Sweat,
And their ſwoln Sinews Ecchoing Blows Repeat.
At laſt the HERO *Finiſh'd* his *Machine*,
The *Dread* of *Each Succeeding Age* of SWINE.
A *Work* that *Crown'd* th' *Artificer's* Great *Name*
With Never-Dying Laurel, Never-Dying Fame.

But *here* (with *Reader's Leave*) *Turn* we our (*Stile*,
To *Contemplate* this *Piece* of *Art* a *while*:
Bow-wiſe he *Form'd* the *Steel*, Grown *ſoft* as *Mire*,
In *Suppling Heat* of *Penetrating Fire*.

Thick

Thick was the *Middle*, towards *Either End*
It *ſmaller Grew*, and *Finiſh'd* in a *Point*. (*Snout*,
Each *Point* was *Barb'd* (Dart like) leſt Shaking
Or *Freſh Attempts* to *Dig* might *Puſh* it out.
The *Middle* (which was *Plac'd* juſt where the *Noſe*
Stands *join'd* to *Head Hirſute*) *Surrounded* was
With *Trill* of *Homogeneous Metal* (*Iron*)
Which *Turn'd* upon the *Part* it did *Inviron*.

Thus *Long* we've on the *Anvil Sweat*; —But *ſtill*
There *yet Remains* more *Work* for *BEVIS Skill*.
And's *Ingenuity* is Argu'd *more*
From *what's* to *Follow*, than *what's* Gone *before*.
Long did the *Wary Hero*, Study *How*
He might with *Safety Circumvent* the Foe;
Long was He *Penſive*: Long *Turmoil'd* his *Brain*:
Oft *Scrat* his *Lowſy Pate*: —But *all* in *vain*!
Oh! *what are* Arms! (*He Cry'd*) *or* what *to me*
Can Uſeleſs Bit *of* Iron *Signify*?
Since neither Valour, Subtilty, *nor* Wit
Can lay the Monſter *Priſ'ner at my* Feet.
(Then throwing Iron down,—*Mouth* op'ning *wide*)
Avaunt! Avaunt, *Thou* Damn'd Machine (*he cry'd*)
In-

Invented *firſt by ſome* Left-Handed *God*
To Render ME *the* Jeſt *of Every* Sot!
Oh! *How will the* HOGLANDERS Ridicule
An Uſeleſs Grimcrack *made by* BOGO: —Fool!
My Preterperfect Worth *ſhall be* forgot,
And all my Skill *in Dark Oblivion Rot*!

Thus *Diſcontent*, He *Threw Himſelf* Among
His *Fellow-Hogs*; and *Grunted* in the *Throng*:
When *Lo*! (He *Dreamt*) *APOLLO* from the *Skies*
Came *Kindly* Down, and ſtood *Before* His *Eyes*,
And *told* him *what* to do. — Then, (as He *thought*
To make a *Handſome Leg* unto the *God*)
He *hit* his *Bedfellows* a *Curſed Stroke*,
So *they* Began to *Whine*, and He *Awoke*.

Then *Strait* (as *Viſion* in his Mind *Infix'd*)
The *Grounds* of *Beer*, and *Lees* of *Wine* He *Mix'd*
With *Drowſy Poppy*. —Having thus Prepar'd
The *Ingredients*: — Next by *Rules* of (*Wax-work*)
He Counterfeited *Acorns* to the *Life* (*Art*
With his *Intoxicating Compoſt Stiff*.

When

When *all* was *Ready* thus; —He *Arms* (for *who*
Unarm'd, wou'd *Dare* t' *Encounter ſuch* a *Foe*?)
He up the *Chimney Clomb*, and *Down* he *Took*
Flitches that *Hung* a *Century* in *Smoke*:
With *Wonderful Diſpatch*, He *Sev'n* in *One*
With *Thong* moſt *ſturdy* did together *Join*:
And *Lapp'd* 'em *Dexterouſly Fold* in *Fold*:
Such was the *Telamonian Shield* of *Old*.
Herein *indeed* they *Differ*; *Criticks* ſhow
That was of *Hide* of *Bull*, But *This* of *Sow*;
This the *more Formidable* of the *Two*.
Next He Put *Spatter-Daſhes* on, and *Ty'd*
His *Ruſty Basket-Hilt* unto his *Side*.
He *Treble Fortify'd*, like *Man* of *Art*,
The *weakeſt Place*, The *Manſion* of his *Heart*.
And *Hedge-Hog* like, the *Armour Homogene*
Inclos'd the *Hero* up to *Squallid Chin*.
He *wore* no *Headpiece*; —*True*,—Nor Did he *Need*,
Nature ſufficiently ſecur'd his *Head*,
Not *only* with *thick Scull*, but *Thicker* SCAB,
A *Double Helmet*, Each Impenetrab——.

Thus

Thus Finally, *Arm'd Cap-a-pe*, the *Knight*
High Mounted on the *Ridge* of *lofty Steed*,
Of his *Impenetrable Armour* Proud,
With *Pouch* of *Foreſaid Opiate*, *Sally'd* out.
Relying on the *Doſe*, and *Heels* of *Steed*,
Made *Tow'rds* the *Foe*, as *if* he *meant* to Fight:
The BOAR *Diſcerns*, and *Haſts* to *meet* the *Knight*.

The *Knight* Turn'd *Tail*, and *Panting Courſer Ply'd*
(*Such* was his *Haſt*) with *Spur* on *Either* Side.
The *Pills* from *Muſty Pouch*, ſtill as he *Rode*
He Dropt: —And with *full Cry* Invok'd the *God*.
The *Expedient* took—The *Pills* with *Magick Pow'r*,
To *Deadly Sleep* Charm'd the *Purſuing* BOAR.
When *Hero* looking *Back*, ſaw on the *Ground*
His *Foe* faſt in *Lethargick Fetters* Bound;
His *Ebbing* Valour *Flow'd*, and *Dauntleſs Knight*
Drew Bit, and *Boldly ventur'd* to *Alight*.
Acroſs the BOAR He *Strode*, and o're his *Head*
His *Arms* He *Wav'd*, and *Thrice* Victoria *cry'd*.
Eccho Repeats the *Sound*; And *Diſtant Crowd*
Catch it from *Eccho*, and *Return* the *Shout*.

They *Run*, and all *ſecurely* now *Surround*
Their *Foe*, now *Impotent* upon the *Ground*.
And *firſt*, His *Chaps* they *Bind*: For *well* knew they
The *Greateſt Danger* from his *Tuſhes* lay.
This Done, with *Cart-Rope* ſtrong they *next* Proceed,
Leſt He *Attempt* to *Riſe*, to *Bind* His *Feet*.
Mean while, *One* ſharpens *Stakes*, which other *Wight*
Forces into the *Ground* with muckle *Might*.
When *all* was Thus *Infallibly Secure*,
Nor was there *Left* as much as *Room* to *Fear*,
The *HOGLANDIAN* HERO, then with **Courage**
Addreſs'd Himſelf to the *Remaining Feat*. (*Great*
Of *Forked Steel* He Sharpen'd *either Point*,
Which when he did with *Greaſy Lard* anoint,
(The *Noſe* of BOAR firſt *Perforating* through)
He *Thruſt* it in, as far as it *con'd Go*:
And *juſt* at *Promontory End*, the *Hook*
Immoveable above his *Noſtrils* ſtuck.
But *ſcarce* had BEVIS *finiſh'd*, ere the BOAR
Felt He was *wounded*, and *began* to *ſtir*.
He *'woke*; —And *ſtrove* to *Riſe*, but *Quickly Found*
In Vain He *ſtrive*, for He was *faſter* Bound.

He *Loudly Fream'd*, And the *Tremendous Roar*
O're *Hog-ſties* Bounded to the Diſtant *Shore*.
ITENE Rings, the *Neighb'ring Groves* around
Return in *Ecchoings ſtrong* the *Hideous Sound*.
Th' *HOGLANDIANS* Underſtood the *Note*,
(and *Hey'd*,
All tow'rds the *Place* in *Droves* from *Every Side*.
The *Winton Weaver* Threw aſide his *Shuttle*,
And *ſcowr'd* with all his *Might* to *Field* of Battel.
Poring Will. L—y left his *Boys* at *School*,
And *Ambl'd* tow'rds the *Place* upon his *Mule*.
Diſpers'd Among the *Crowd*, *Ratcatchers* ſtand
Conſpicuous : —For *Each* Bore in his *Hand*
A (Hieroglyphick) *Mouſe-Trap*, to *betoken*
That they were the *True Champions* of the BACON.
Which when the *Bird Canonical* Eſpy'd,
The OWL, I *mean*, that only *ſees* at *Night*.
As ſhe ſat in an *Ivy*, ſtretch'd her *Throat*,
And *Lowdly Trill'd* a moſt *Prodigious Hoot*.
Crowders, *Sowgelders*, *Coblers*, *Women Aw'd*
Compos'd with *foreſaid* the *Promiſcuous Crowd*.

The *Sea* Tranſports the *Sound*, and *Men* of *Wight*
Came o're in *Canoos* to *Behold* the *Sight*.

Amaz'd they *ſtood*, and *ſtruck* with *Wonder*, View'd
The *Vaſt Dimenſions* of the *Vanquiſh'd Brute*.
And *Next*, —The *Hero's Wit* and *Valour* move
At *Once* their *Admiration* and their *Love*.
HIM they *Adore*, HIM they *Congratulate*
On his *Projecting* a *Machine* of *State*:
A *Machine* which HOGLANDERS will *Extol*,
As *Long* as *Pigs* can *Squeak*, and *Puppies* Howl.

And Now *Proceed* the * *Giddy Populace*,
(Almoſt *Diſtract* for Joy) with Pompous Feaſts,
(The *Like* in *HOGLAND* were ne'er ſeen before)
To *Celebrate* the *Pegging* of the BOAR.
They *Climb* up *Chimneys*, and *Old Flitches* Sieze,
Whole Hecatombs of which They *Sacrifice*
To *Venter* (Guardian God) and *Each* Denotes
The Joy of's *Heart*, by th' *Stuffing* of his *Guts*.

Further, Leſt *Fame* which often Changes *Tune*
Shou'd *Drop* a **Providence** ſo **Opportune**:

* A new-coin'd Term for the Gentlemen of the Lower Rank in *Southampton*. Us'd by the Judicious Writer of the *Poſt-Boy*.

And

And *that* their *Late Poſterity* might *Know*
What to this *Worthy Perſonage* they owe;
They then *Invented* a *New Kind* of *Food*
The *World* ne're ſaw before. —*Suilian Blood*
They *mix'd* with *Honey* (*Comb* and all) and In't
They *ſhed* ſome *Garlick*, *Savory* and *Mint*:
The *Liver*, *Lights*, and *Abdomen* they *Cut*
In *Pieces ſmall*; Then *Add* large *Lumps* of *Fat*,
And *ſtuff* the *Compoſition* in a *Gut*:
And then they *Boil* it, till it *changes Hue*,
Juſt *Contrary* to what our *Lobſters* Do.

When *theſe* were (*Second Courſe*) to *Table* brought,
Each with his *Gruel* and his *Broth* fell out.
Nay, BACON's *Self* was *NOW Offenſive* Grown,
And *Nothing* ſhort of BLACK PUDDING would (Down,
Ev'n *now* in *HOGLAND Love* to *them's* the ſame,
Old **Non-Reſiſtance** to the *Diſh* **Supreme.**
Black-Puddings! Food Divine! Ambroſia, Fit
To *Feaſt* the GODS! *Black Puddings! Food* that (*Might*
Find a *Voracious* P——TE's *Grinder's* work
At C——r, *E*——*n*, *R*——*r*, or *T*——*k*.

Hail

Hail Then Great *BEVIS*! *Hail HOGLANDIA!*
(*Hail*!

Honour'd with Being *BEVIS Native Soil*!
As *long* as *Moles* the *Pleaſant Gardens* Haunt,
As *long* as PIGS can *whine*, and SOWS can
(*Grunt*,

As *long* as *Tables* PUDDINGS-BLACK *Receive*,
Thy *Name*, Thy *Honour*, and thy *Worth* ſhall *live*.
By *them* THOU ſhalt be *ſung* (in a *Key Higher*
Than *Gaping Striplings Bawling* in a *Quire*)
Whoſe *Greaſy Trade* and *Occupation* is
To Cry BLACK PUDDINGS, and *Fat Sauſages*.
All *ANGLIA too*, Her *Monumental Praiſe*
To thy Great *Name*, and Greater *Deeds* ſhall *Raiſe*:
Since She *Regales* her ſelf, and *Crams* her *Guts*
With all the *Dainties* SWINE on *Table* puts.
For *Sauſages* and *Dear* BLACK-PUDDING's *ſake*,
BEVIS ſhall be Her *Everlaſting Brag*.

While thus the *Lower World Submiſſive* Pays
To *Famous BEVIS Tributary Praiſe*;
The *Riſing Hero*, *Deity Commences*,
Like *HERCULES*, and on *as Good Pretences*.

And

And Hence it is that *Modern* FAME *Relates*
Of *Doughty* BEVIS ſeveral *Worthy Feats*:
As *Killing Bears* and *Lions* of *vaſt Size*,
Felling Giants, and *Boxing* out their *Eyes*,
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